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From May, 1961 to May, 1966, I was Assistant Director of Urban Renewal in Manchester, New Hampshire. Since May of 1966 I have been Director of the Columbus Redevelopment Commission, Columbus, Indiana.

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1962-1966, Director of Public Health Service, Indian Hospital, Crownpoint, New Mexico. Since July, 1966, I have been a resident in psychiatry, a student again. Major interests, besides food and wine, are still music, reading, conversation, people and such places as the New Mexico desert.

Life has been full so far, and obstinately rigorous, with fewer disappointments than I anticipated in 1952; but I am glad that I am an adult now and not just a child, and I suspect that I shall be ready to die by the end of the century, at the rate our society is becoming rationalized.

ROBERT JOHN AUGUSTINE ELLRICH: Professor. *Office Address*, Dept. of Romance Languages & Literature, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. 98105.

I am professing French literature here at the University of Washington, with occasional forays out into Dante and Comparative Literature. I have published several articles and reviews (mainly on Diderot) and

have just finished a monograph on Rousseau and a translation from the same author that should appear next fall.

This is my third year at Washington, and *really*, it *doesn't* rain all the time in Seattle. In fact, while the East was having its blizzard this winter, I was out playing tennis.

Upon my arrival here, I found that the Northwest Trail had already been blazed by Lionel J. Friedman, '43, who turned out to be an alumnus not only of Harvard, but of Dunster House (as myself) and of Dunster J-41 (again as myself). Our colleagues here have still to understand the peculiar bond that seems to exist between us, and we still occasionally drive them away from the lunch table with talk of Master Fair, Mrs. "D," etc.

DANIEL ELLSBERG. *Address*, American Embassy, APO, San Francisco, Calif. 96243. Divorced. *Children*, Robert Boyd, Dec. 13, 1955; Mary Carroll, Nov. 29, 1958.

I am writing this on my thirty-sixth birthday, lying in a Bangkok nursing home with hepatitis, facing a considerable turning-point in my life. The alternatives before me are to stay on in the government in Vietnam, or to return home to research and consulting: a choice between the engine-room and the belly of the whale.

I came here two weeks ago to rest for a few days and think out these issues while everyone was at the Guam Conference. After a few days in Thailand my sudden need for rest took a new color—saffron—and I have had more time to think things through than I expected, as I lie watching dextrose solution dripping into my veins. But the prospect, now, of several months of light physical activity pretty much prejudices the decision. Before this, I would almost surely have stayed on, probably as special assistant to the incoming chief for civil operations, a long acquaintance, Robert Komer; after eighteen months in Vietnam, and a good deal of travel in the countryside, I have a feeling of responsibility about helping the new team that is arriving. But since the hepatitis will knock me out of the heavier field work, in which I had been specializing (I had recently been taking part, with particular personal satisfaction, as participant observer in combat operations with US units, finally capping—after ten years—a somewhat unfulfilled career as a Marine platoon leader and company commander in peacetime), I have virtually decided to go home, and make my contribution to the Vietnam problem we all share from there.

I'll spend the next month or so of bed-rest working in Saigon, writing down for the new arrivals what I have to say about Vietnam. Then in May or June I'll go back to the Santa Monica area, to be near my children (Robert, 11, and Mary, 8, in Brentwood) and to take up research again at the Rand Corporation. If I am, in effect, invalidated out of Vietnam in time to attend the Class Reunion—a pleasant thought—I'll unburden myself on our plight over here over a beer (no, damn it: that's out) at



Cronin's, or the current equivalent in the Square (coffee-house? Say, if I keep the beard I've started growing in the hospital, I'll look more contemporary than any of you. Got to get back.)

Now that I think of it, when I last wrote these Class notes (I was late then, too) I was facing virtually the same pair of alternatives, from the other direction: whether to stay at the Rand Corporation (where I was spending my thirty-first birthday, among other days and nights, trying to finish a Ph.D. thesis on subjective probability in time for my Tenth Reunion) or go to Washington, where I had spent most of 1961 consulting at DOD, State and the White House.

I continued to consult in 1962-63, in particular working on policy statements on strategic systems and NATO. On October 22, 1962 (the night of the President's speech on the missiles in Cuba) I was called to Washington as a consultant, where I worked without much sleep for the next week as a member of DOD and State working groups on the crisis. I left with an intense interest in the analysis of high-level decision-making in international crises, and when I came to Washington in 1964 it was to undertake a study jointly sponsored by State/Defense/CIA/White House, with combined access, of just this problem. I spent the next nine months in various sub-basement documents saferooms, reading mainly about the Cuban crisis (Schlesinger and Sorenson, I note, don't know, or don't tell, the half of it).

In September, with my findings completed but only partially reported (that lies ahead: but still classified, despite the Schlesinger-Sorenson questionable precedent), I entered the government as special assistant (GS-18) to John McNaughton, assistant secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. After a year, day and night, reading and responding to cables and intelligence on Vietnam, I felt maddeningly (and correctly, as I now see) that neither I, nor the others around me, reading the same cables, knew, or could learn from all this traffic, any of the things that needed knowing about South Vietnam. (I tried, representing the government in Teach-ins that spring at Antioch, NYU, Harvard and Washington, to communicate honestly some of the complexities, and my own uncertainties, to audiences of critical students: earning the tribute, as much as I'd hoped for, from a number of them after my remarks: "Now I'm confused . . . I thought I knew what we should do . . .")

That intellectual frustration, plus a sense of responsibility for having finally urged (however marginal my impact) U.S. troop commitment in the spring of 1965, led me to think of going to Vietnam to work. When I learned that Major General Edward Lansdale, whose background and thoughts I knew and respected, was finally being sent back to Vietnam, I volunteered to go with him. Rather quixotically, he accepted me: as an "apprentice" member of a small group of his old, experienced and trusted associates from the campaign against the Huks in the Philippines and from the 1954-56 period in Vietnam.

Although I had offered to accept any rank in joining his team, I was transferred from DOD to State as an FSR-1. (In the government system, this rank like GS-18, equivalent to lieutenant general; which considerably perplexes people who happen to discover my grade, since in this milieu my qualifications for such a pay-rate do not leap out at them.) However, as a true beginning in the operations we were attempting, my real status has been properly menial for most of my time here: distinctly down in the engine-room rather than the bridge, and, it soon turned out, in a small, lonely ship in the convoy.

I'm proud to have served with Lansdale, and I've learned fully as much as I hoped: and learned to care deeply for this tortured country, Vietnam (whose countryside, I think, is the most beautiful in the world: a fact that rarely seems to be mentioned), its children, its people and their future. But much of the knowledge is painful; I don't seem to have the temperament of a pathologist.

It has been, most of it, an intensely frustrating and sad year and a half, though with a good deal of excitement and moments of hope. (A letter I wrote giving my impressions after the first several weeks was reproduced under the title "Vietnam Diary," anonymously, in *The Reporter*, about February, 1966, the proceeds going to the family of a friend, mentioned in the piece, who had just been killed.) I'm more convinced than I could have been before that Lansdale's basic thoughts on political development, on nationalistic and democratic rivalry with Communists for leadership of revolutionary forces, and on counter guerrilla tactics are sound, relevant to Vietnam, and desperately needed here; but none of them are being applied, in any degree (until the elections of last September and the ensuing political developments, on which I am pinning my hopes).

When Deputy Ambassador Porter was put in charge of the newly created Office of Civil Operations (consolidating the field operations of AID, JUSPAO and CIA) last December, I accepted a loosely defined post, with Lansdale's approval, as Porter's special assistant, a job that has kept me largely in the field since then. Assuming that is now closed off for me at least for several months, I shall probably make my way back to Santa Monica in May or June, perhaps via Cambridge.

I have overstayed my hour of sitting up, slouched in a resort chair with my portable on my knees; I feel I should be asking somebody up to get me a Grant's, except that nobody is supposed to give me any Grant's for another six months or so. Back to bed; I think they are coming now, with my yoghurt and glucose. . . .

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